

THE ARGUS

Founded in the year 1851.

Entered at the postoffice at Rock Island, Ill., as second class matter under the act of March 3, 1879.

THE J. W. POTTER CO., Publishers.

Rock Island Member Associated Press. Full Leased Wire Report.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Official Paper of Rock Island.

New York Office—M. C. Watson, 286 Fifth avenue. Chicago Office—A. W. Allen, 1836 People's Gas Bldg.



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1918.

Think It Over.

During the war such thinking as the people did cut very little ice. It was for the leaders to weigh, decide, and give orders. It is different now. The plain citizen again is in charge of the situation, or if he isn't he ought to be, for it is his welfare that is involved and if he shrinks the responsibility he must expect to take the consequences.

There never was a time in the world's history when there were so many questions of supreme importance waiting to be settled. There is the league of nations for the settlement of disputes between countries. There is the reconstruction of nearly all of Europe and much of Asia and Africa. Control of the seas is at issue and fundamental rules governing commerce must be revised. In the United States, while returning to a peace from a war basis, we are called upon to consider public ownership of ships, railroads, telephones and telegraph, national prohibition, woman suffrage, and the relations between labor and capital. In Illinois we have our own prohibition problem and are about to undertake a comprehensive revision of the state constitution and to start construction of an elaborate system of hard roads.

This is a large order to be executed at one time, but these questions, and a great many others, some of them equally important, are pressing for our consideration. Not for long may a decision be postponed. There is work for the best brains and for all the brains we have. A vast amount of discussion is inevitable and desirable and we cannot safely limit it to that done in the legislature, in congress or in the peace conference. It is the supreme duty of every thinking being to read, ponder and debate with himself and with others. It is important that everyone do his utmost to form an intelligent opinion on leading issues and to make the opinion known. Sound views will help, if they are expressed, but they will be wasted if kept under the hat. The individual should let it be known that he stands for something. Then he will naturally fall into alignment with other individuals working for a common purpose and so eventually political parties will once more come to mean something and the whole problem of expressing the popular desire will be simplified. Even now the new lines upon which future campaigns will be fought are being drawn. Not for many years, perhaps, will the individual have such an opportunity as he now has to gain first hand knowledge upon which to base an intelligent choice.

Democracy is leading us into deep water. Where our forefathers used to wade with safety we are in danger of being submerged. It is time we were learning to swim.

War has taken a toll of 10,000,000 dead in four years, while influenza in three months has claimed 9,000,000 victims. The pen may be more potent than the sword, but the flu seems to have them both beaten.

Those Who Dance.

Permission to dance, unwisely given, does not free the individual of responsibility for spreading or contracting influenza by patronizing dances. Promiscuous dancing is one of the most effective ways of communicating this disease; at least there is every reason to believe this is the case. Close personal contact, physical exertion and open pores, followed often by sudden chills, dust stirred by moving feet—these are among the things that sensible people will think about before attending dances while there is an epidemic on. For those who are not sensible—well, if only these attend dances and suffer the consequences the consequences will not be so serious.

If you haven't joined the Red Cross there is yet time. Both yourself and your dollar are needed.

Christmas Fire Hazards.

Christmas and its joys should not be allowed to blind men to the ordinary rules of safety for the protection of the home and the lives of the family. And yet at holiday time parents who try to keep their children free from even the possibility of danger will install in the heart of their home, where it is sure to be the center of attraction for the little ones, the most inflammable thing that ever enters it—the ordinary evergreen Christmas tree. While it grows more dry and dangerous in the warm rooms they drape it with cotton for snow, tinsel paper loops and tinsel for decorations, stick candles all over it, hang up toys that every child will grab for, and then trust to luck and providence for safety from a hazard that may prove as dangerous and as deadly as a rattlesnake or an open keg of gunpowder. Just to play fair and take his share of the chances pater familias often surrounds himself with pillows, puts on cotton hair and whiskers and makes himself more of a nuisance than a help in case a fire should start.

And fires do start, thousands of them every holiday season. Firemen look forward to a run of Christ-

mas tree fires just as they did to Fourth of July fires before the sane Fourth movement put an end to them in many places. Why not a sane Christmas as well as a sane Fourth? Why should the children's festival be made the means of destroying hundreds of lives and thousands of homes? Use little electric lights instead of candles, asbestos instead of cotton, non-combustible decorations instead of inflammables, and then watch the tree with the utmost care, especially when the children are around it. It's better to be safe than sorry, especially with the little ones at Christmas time.

The fizzes which are being regularly made in the early stages of the air mail service suggests that either the good planes or the good aviators, or both, must all be on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Barons of Banditry.

Chicago has 2,500 policemen on beats and it heeds three times that many, the city council has been officially advised. It also needs a good many powerful automobiles that are speedy enough to overhaul the high-toned thieves who have been cleaning up about the city with alarming regularity lately.

Professional crooks used to be roughnecks, pure and simple. They seldom aped the fashions or entertained social aspirations. Roughneck policemen understood their habits and did fairly well hunting them down.

Gasoline has brought about a radical change in the system of a certain class of freebooters. They find fast automobiles most useful in their business. Since a plain roughneck in an expensive car is an object of instant suspicion they are obliged to assume the style of living and demeanor that go with big motors. They live in expensive flats, wear costly clothes, drink good wine, smoke good cigars, and frequent the haunts of the well-to-do.

It is no wonder that the ordinary roughneck policeman, who drinks plain beer and rides in a flivver, is finding himself over-matched.

The new Hindenburg line will cause the allies little concern, but it will be well for those who are honestly trying to solve Germany's internal problems to give it the once over.

President Wilson is said to have received thousands of letters since he arrived in Europe from children of the allied and neutral countries soliciting Christmas gifts. These little ones seem to have the impression that he is a great Santa Claus, come to Europe to distribute the bounty of a generous people. Nothing could more clearly show the attitude that the common people across the Atlantic have come to take toward the United States. The children would not write these letters if their elders did not share to some extent in their belief that this country is the big brother of all the poor and oppressed. The reputation we have won carries with it obvious responsibilities.

With Christmas but four days away the grass is still growing, green buds appear on some shrubs, lilies of the valley in sheltered spots are sprouting and the sparrows chirrup with the vivacity of spring. So far it is doubtful if Jack Frost has nipped a single ear in Rock Island, and it is scarcely possible that anyone's foot has been wet by slush or has slipped on an icy walk. The ferry has not missed a trip. The prospects for a green Christmas are excellent.

A Pledge to Fulfill.

Pointing out that the monetary requirements of the government are greater and more pressing now than ever before, the secretary of the treasury has issued a statement in which he calls upon every person in the Seventh federal reserve district to buy war savings stamps to the limit. Only by borrowing from the public can the government's huge bills be paid; hence the drive for the "war savings." The secretary's message follows:

I most earnestly urge upon you that your organization make every possible effort to the end that pledges for the purchase of war savings be fulfilled before the close of the year. The government's monetary requirements were never more pressing than they are today. Expenditures for November were greater than in any similar period. These expenditures growing out of the war must be met by borrowing from the people and their magnificent response heretofore to the government's requirements make me confident that they will not fail to continue their support to the end that all payments resulting from war necessities will be promptly met.

Much remains to be done. Our brave troops must be maintained and paid until their work is fully accomplished and they are returned to their homes. This is not a time for us to relax our efforts and the treasury department is making plans for larger and even more important work during the coming year. Please make every effort to bring this statement before the people in your district and to urge upon them the continued holding of their war savings certificates, the fulfillment of their pledges and additional purchases as their means permit.

It isn't likely that the alcoholic content of the Mississippi river will be greatly increased by any liquor that the St. Paul officers may throw away. At least river water probably will continue to be reasonably safe for use in putting out fires.

Boosting the cost of the Hog Island shipyard to \$63,000,000 after the estimate was about one-third of that sum gives us another example of what American genius and enterprise can do when it has a promising field and no circumscribing limits.

Dere Mable

LOVE LETTERS OF A ROOKIE

By EDWARD STREETER, Lieut. 27th (N. Y.) Division. (Copyright, 1918, by Frederic A. Stokes Company)



The Last Time I Will Take My Pen in Hand for You.

Dere Mable: This is the last time I will ever take my pen in hand for you. All is over among us.

I felt it coming for some time. Mable, today among some letters that I got from girls was one from a girl that knew you well. She told me all about this little Broggins. She says you take him around with you everywhere. That's the kind of a fellow I thought he was, Mable, but I'm surprised at you. She says your awful fond of him has got to be a little more than a little. I guess that's the kind of a fellow you want. She says she's going to write you a letter about it. After that, Mable, there's nothing to say. So I repeat, all is over among us.

Im returnin today by parcels post the red sweater an the gloves that has no fingers an the socks that I gave you. I hope you'll like 'em. Most of the stuff ain't been used much. The picture has some mud on it cause I had to keep it in the bottom of my barrak bag an my shoes came next. The sock I sent back cause I sold 'em to Joe Glucos an you wouldn't want 'em now.

The stuff that you sent me to eat I havn't kept. I guess you wouldn't want that anyway Mable. The stuff that your mother sent me Im going to keep. She wasnt my girl an she didnt have to and all that stuff if she didnt want it.

As for all the things I have given you, Mable, keep 'em. I dont want no more. I aint even goin to menshun all the money I've spent on you for movies an sodas an the Lord knows what not. I aint the kind of a fellow that throw that up to a fello or even menshun it in no ways. I kept track of it though in a little book. It comes to \$28.27 and some odd sense.

An I aint agoin to hold it up against you that I been savin in the bank for most two years so to have a little somethin towards that house with the green blinds. And that I got somethin like \$37.22 in.

the bank if you can believe what that eagle hawk in the cage rites in your book. All wasted you might say, when you think of the fun I might have had with it in the last two years. Those things well just forget. You seem to have already.

An that seasons pass I got for you for the Happyhour sods you could keep in touch with things while I was away. Keep that and take Broggins. Otherwise I got a bunch you aint got in the movies as much as you used to.

I guess this will hit your father an mother pretty hard. They got nobody to blame but yourself. On the other hand its goin to please some girls that I know. So its a poor wind that dont blow nobody round as the poets say. I guess you wont hear much about the poets any more, Mable. About all you'll hear is Broggins. I had a man what talks about himself.

I suppose he has joined the Home defence. Are you goin to have a military wedding, Mable? Im kind of sorry for your father. If you have his liver on your hands dont blame me. You know the doctor said any kind of a shock would set him off a mile.

An now, Mable, Im closin for the last time. It wont be no use runnin to the door when I hear the postman no more cause he wont have nothin but the gas bill. From now on the only way you'll hear from me is in the papers perhaps when we get over there.

Now Im going to ask you a favor, Mable, four old times sake. Take the picture I had taken pointin to the American flag an burn it up. You cant have that to show your friends no more an I aint goin to have no flat foot makin faces at it. I may be selfish, Mable, but a girl cant make a cake an eat it too as the old sayin is.

Give my best to your father an mother. Tell 'em I sympathize with them in there loss. Its no use ritin any more cause Im firin as the rock of Gibraltar. Concrete. Thats me all over, Mable.

as ever yours no longer BILL.

HEALTH TALKS

BY WILLIAM L. BRADY M.D.

NOTED PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR

Girls Must Feed.

Harriet is 18 years old, not quite 62 inches tall, and weighs 108 pounds. Her father is a physician and her mother was a trained nurse. Her father is a busy man, too busy, rather, for the best interests of his clients. He harbors certain prejudices of an ancient vintage, which little leisure for brushing up on the progress of medicine might dispel. For example, he considers cream "indigestible," hence, poor Harriet, who is exceedingly fond of milk, gets hers with the cream carefully skimmed off, and gets but one glass of milk at a time when she would annihilate two or three glasses were it not so vulgar to do such a thing. You see, poor little Harriet attends a private school for young ladies, though the public schools in her city are second to none, and in this private school a whole lot of silly stuff is taught, aside from French and literature.

At table Harriet looks with envious eyes at the gravy and the sugar-bowl and the "laters," but not for the world does she accept a second or third helping—when mother or dad is around. But, when she's out on her own, she gets her full ration, and she gets it good food. This puts her grand total in the same class with the ration of the American soldier and the hired man on the farm. It is eminently right. Girls must feed if they are to be live, healthy, well developed women.

The Agar-Agar Plate. In a recent talk you said that agar-agar was a good medium for germs to grow on. You were discussing the ganze mask and explaining how germs are spread by coughing and talking. I have been using agar-agar for thickening

the accepted method in "finishing" schools. Well, thank heaven, the world moves some.

A girl between the ages of 12 and 20 years requires and must have a larger ration than her mother, and, if she isn't a dead one, quite as large a ration as her dad, even if he is a live one. She won't grow unless she gets her full ration. Take it as a general rule to which there are few if any exceptions, a girl of that age, no matter how much she eats, never eats more than her system demands or more than she can and must metabolize.

Harriet would be a live one if she could have enough to eat. She might grow up to the normal standard for girls. As it is, the poor child is compelled to be a dead one, because her ma and her pa insist on it.

As a college girl whose average height is 64 inches at the age of 19.4 years, weigh 123.9 pounds. They take a ration amounting to 2,700 calories a day—at the table. Between drinks, so to speak, the average college girl consumes about 1,200 or 1,300 calories a day in the shape of chocolate, candy, ice cream and other good food. This puts her grand total in the same class with the ration of the American soldier and the hired man on the farm. It is eminently right. Girls must feed if they are to be live, healthy, well developed women.

In a recent talk you said that agar-agar was a good medium for germs to grow on. You were discussing the ganze mask and explaining how germs are spread by coughing and talking. I have been using agar-agar for thickening

The Daily Short Story

ONE RAINY NIGHT.

By Genevieve Ullmar.

Everybody in Marston was sorry when the suit of Gerald Stowe against the Bartley estate resulted in a decision validating the claim of Abner Steele, lawyer. Steele had been a kind of agent for John Bartley, the uncle of Gerald, and wormed himself into his confidence, and no one in Marston who knew of his evil, conniving ways, believed he was justly entitled to the old homestead that had been in the family for so many years.

The rightful successor to the property, it was everywhere thought, should have been Gerald, who asserted his claim, but a certain document of recent date held by Steele seemed to clinch his pretensions. When the local court so decided, Gerald immediately appealed the case.

The Bartley house was closed up pending the appeal. A creature of Steele's, a rough, uncouth, grimly silent fellow named Ponsoby, was appointed caretaker. It nettled Gerald every time he passed the place to see the slouching, insolent miscreant parading about the porches or swinging in a hammock, smoking a pipe or drinking from a black bottle, profaning, to Gerald's way of thinking, the beautiful home where he had passed so many pleasant years. More than once, feeling that he was not strong enough to battle Steele, he had almost decided to abandon the case, when Minnie Dodge, to whom he was engaged, encouraged him to fight for his rights to the last ditch.

"It will be a long, drawn-out battle," Gerald told her wearily, "the costs will be great. Far better to go away somewhere, begin life anew and when I have acquired a home send for you."

But Minnie prevailed upon him to remain on the scene of action. She saw the justice of his legal heirship as next of kin, and believed that a higher court would look differently at the equity of the case than did the local one.

Minnie lived over at Chester, the next village, and Gerald went there twice a week to call upon her. One evening about ten o'clock Gerald kissed his faithful, patient fiancée good-by and started to traverse the four miles to Marston on foot. It had been raining for a long time, and down, but he had not noted any indications of rain until a sudden torrent drove him to the shelter of a wayside shed. Between showers Gerald managed to cover about a mile. Then a new dash of rain caught him crossing a barren waste and, pretty well soaked and uncomfortable, he made a dash for the porch of the old mansion as he neared it.

His sensations were varied and poignant as he stood within the shelter of the home where he had passed so many happy years. The rain kept up, and he lingered where he was, mentally going over all the distressing events of the preceding few months. He felt that he was being robbed of his rights by an unscrupulous schemer, and then, as his hand in a pocket chased to touch a key, a hunch of thought suggested a wayward impulse. He unlocked the front door, passed into its spacious hall and thence into a front room, to stumble over a heap of debris. Gerald recovered himself, felt for a chair, sank into it and clared a moment.

He was considerably mystified as he made out the obstruction to be a lot of bricks, plaster and tile. This had been removed from the fireplace. Gerald wondered why. While Steele had a custodian in charge of the house, the man, Ponsoby, had no right to do anything with it until the legal status of the case was settled. The match went out, Gerald lighted another one. His curiosity was aroused. He advanced to the library.

The gas was lighted. Lying on the floor, apparently stunned by a fall, was Ponsoby, the custodian. The room was reeking with the taint of liquor. There was a bottle on the table, some scattered papers and Gerald readily surmised that, engaged in writing under the influence of liquor, Ponsoby had fallen from the chair.

But what startled Gerald most was the fact that in this room, as in the others, the fireplace had been dismantled. What did it mean? He examined Ponsoby to discover that he was simply a drunken stupor. His eyes brightened as he glanced at the papers on the table. One was a note Ponsoby had just scrawled. It was directed to his employer, Steele. "I have found the paper," it ran, "you suspected I had hidden the Bartley will. It is worth so much more than the measly five hundred dollars you offer, that I won't give it up for less than many thousands."

And beside it lay the document recovered by Steele must have had a hint that it existed—that John Bartley had hidden it, around some fireplace, and had employed Ponsoby to search for it. The document plainly explained that any right Steele claimed to the property was purely as trustee, and absolutely placed all the estate in the possession of Gerald Stowe.

It was raining harder than ever; it was dark, the roads knee-deep with mud; it was late, but with a soaring, surging heart Gerald Stowe made his way back to Chester to find that the darling of his heart, his wonderful discovery and the happy news that their future welfare was assured.

Is there any danger in using it in the diet? Mrs. D. G. R. Answer—Certainly not. Milk is also an excellent medium to grow germs in, yet it is a very wholesome food.

Second Attack of Flu. Is there any danger of having a second attack of the influenza? C. N. L.

Answer—Yes, because influenza, unlike many other infectious diseases, confers little or no immunity.

The Roll of Honor

Washington, Dec. 21.—The casualty list made public today by the war department has a total of 2,242 names.

(SECTION ONE.) The following casualties have been reported by the commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces: Killed in action, 19; died of wounds, 25; died of accident and other causes, 8; died of disease, 37; wounded, degrees undetermined, 765; wounded slightly, 787; missing in action, 92. Total, 1,743.

Killed in Action. PRIVATES. Hugh D. Conery, Danville, Ill. August W. Kotke, Gutenberg, Iowa. Thomas E. Mangion, Knoxville, Ill.

Zygmunt Smyczek, Sterling, Ill. Died of Disease. PRIVATES. Howard B. Callahan, Chicago. Glenn R. Cooke, Collins, Ill. John Hottinger, Chicago. George Schilling, Little Rock, Iowa. Herman Schotanus, Waukegan, Ill.

Gust Swanson, Woodstock, Ill. Henry A. Watland, Rudger, Iowa. ROY A. WOOD, 629 Twenty-seventh street, Rock Island, Ill. Wounded, Degree Undetermined. LIEUTENANTS. Claire Morton Daugherty, Chicago.

SERGEANT. Albert W. Mayhall, Shawneetown, Ill. CORPORALS. Arthur E. Anderson, DeKalb, Ill. Raymond B. Lawton, Rockford, Ill.

Blaise J. Walczak, Rockford, Ill. Paul Homedick, Chicago. Mike Owasich, Chicago. Guy E. Thompson, Melvin, Ill. James L. Wood, Princeton, Iowa. Joseph I. Zora, Morris, Ill.

Carl O. Sandberg, Chicago. PRIVATES. Christian H. Gathe, Clinton, Iowa. Chester Ray Kennedy, Wood River, Ill. John G. Kucera, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Henry G. Schneider, Lensburg, Iowa.

John E. Clarke, Chicago. James E. Morris, Forrest, Iowa. Earl W. Peterson, Mt. Carmel, Ill. Charles E. Ridley, Escherville, Iowa.

Carl Shattuck, Belvidere, Ill. John Brown, Charles, Iowa. Charles N. Boyer, Peconia, Ill. John E. Cade, Toulon, Ill. Albert E. Hubbard, DeKalb, Ill. Joseph R. Huffman, Wellington, Ill.

Chester N. Wilder, Chicago. Edward J. Young, Chicago. Ray McLaren, Rockford, Ill. Joseph Milner, Chicago. Arthur R. Morgan, Downer's Grove, Ill.

August Rader, Austin, Ill. Sylvester J. Tinswood, Sorento, Ill. Peter Titon, Centerville, Iowa. Harry A. Campbell, Extra, Iowa. Ray Barker, Chicago. Gus A. Gronkiewicz, Chicago. Alfred Groth, Olin, Iowa.

Frank Howard, Chicago. George Huffman, Mt. Creek, Ill. Thomas Jelinek, Chicago. Lawrence M. Kincer, Utica, Ill. Charles Pappel, Chicago. Philip Powers, Ft. Dodge, Iowa. Herbert H. Strickler, Davenport, Ill.

Edward J. Van Antwerp, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Wilbert E. Anderson, Varna, Ill. Roy Bauer, Cack, Ill. Joseph Milner, Chicago. Edwin S. Farm, Cherokee, Iowa. Lester Henriouille, Chicago.

Orrie Knight, Thompsonville, Ill. Howard Allen, Chandler, Ill. Roy H. Clark, Christopher, Ill. Harry F. Gray, Des Plaines, Ill. Edward G. Hackman, Peoria, Ill. Paul H. Hays, Centerville, Ill. Albert J. Hartman, Altam, Ill.

Rollas Lawson, Lovington, Ill. Matthew J. Leonard, Genoa, Ill. Bruce Nephon Martin, Lincoln, Ill. Kasner Nydack, Chicago. James G. Nangle, Ottawa, Ill. Charles P. Nelson, Peconia, Ill. William E. North, Mt. Carroll, Ill. Gastmir W. Nowicki, Chicago. Victor Pliska, Chicago Heights, Ill.

John J. Taylor, Havelock, Iowa. Akast Tegen, Chicago. Ray Tucker, Chicago. Frederick R. Housar, Decatur, Ill. Charles J. Pachanle, Chicago. Harry Palmer, Antioch, Ill. Wade Haskel Allen, Illinois, Ill.

Gall W. Boatman, Gravit, Iowa. Edwin P. Burigh, Chicago. Anton P. Cich, Chicago. Thomas J. Handley, Chicago. Bernard G. Kelly, Waterloo, Iowa. Guy S. Kephart, Pacific Junction, Iowa.

Louis H. Kesser, Marino, Ill. Ernest J. Kruse, Chicago. Thomas G. Mackenzie, Chicago. Henry G. Mann, Altam, Ill. Benedict Mier, Rockford, Ill. William Steele, Oglethorpe, Ill. Clyde H. Troxel, Hoopeson, Ill.

Wounded Slightly. CORPORALS. Leo S. Krieger, Lansing, Iowa. Joseph F. Soff, Chicago. PRIVATES. Henry W. Horton, Des Moines, Iowa. Julius I. Finch, Hawarden, Iowa. George P. Gilbert, Tabor, Iowa. Whitney Harris, Chicago. Edward Kominski, Chicago. Martin T. Thompson, Ayresville, Iowa.

George O. Cushing, Dubuque, Ia. Carl W. Billstrom, Chicago. John E. Cooper, Hunt City, Ill. Justin Litzelman, Sainte Marie, Ill. Russell Hariman Miller, Sheldon, Iowa.

Charles C. Newsome, Newton, Ill. Charles N. Blevins, East St. Louis, Ill. Louis Bloomberg, Chicago. Cecil A. Curry, Chicago City, Ia. Charles A. Hutchinson, Libertyville, Ill.

Edward J. Lagerquist, Chicago. Henry E. Loran, McLeanboro, Ill. George D. Morrey, Greene, Iowa. John R. Ridinger, Wayland, Iowa. Howard McAninch, Thayer, Iowa. John Meyer, Lamara, Iowa.

Major General Dickman. The Third army, the American army of occupation, now occupies a strip of Germany running along a square miles, according to a recent report. It is directing the administration of hundreds of miles of railroad. This army of 250,000 men marched between two hundred and three hundred miles within a month after the armistice was signed. They started the march on Oct. 11, without precedent in history. Major General Joseph T. Dickman is leader of the Third army.

Constant Mosevitch, Chicago. Eugene Vizzo, Chicago. Roy Levi, Butcher, Leville, Iowa. Carl E. Bueck, Chicago. Lynn Walter Schuman, Lincoln, Ill. George R. Hedra, Chicago. August Andrew Paluch, Chicago. George Cass, Harvey, Ill. George Pliska, Streator, Ill. John H. Sheely, Coggon, Iowa. Elmer C. Sherman, Soumak, Ill. Francis J. Wemmoth, Batavia, Ill. John W. Williams, Noble, Iowa. Albert F. Albrecht, Newell, Iowa. William Boyd, Virden, Ill. Fred H. Harris, Sidney, Ill. Missing in Action. PRIVATES. Chester C. Mills, Galesburg, Ill. Jack Reeko, Kankakee, Ill. Albert Bernhardt, Sioux City, Ia. Fred H. Maile, Earlham, Iowa.

(SECTION TWO.) The following casualties have been reported by the commanding general of the American Expeditionary Forces: Died of wounds, 26; died of accident and other causes, 2; died of airplane accident, 1; died of disease, 56; wounded severely, 116; missing in action, 92. Total, 690.

Died of Wounds. PRIVATES. Axel Danielson, Chicago. Albert N. Odle, Ewing, Ill. John M. Reid, Bloomington, Ill. Died of Disease. MAJOR. John Melton, Urbana, Ill. PRIVATES. Herman F. Zier, Dundas, Ill. Andrew de Cray, Hospers, Iowa. Wounded Severely. CAPTAINS. Walter A. Stetler, Chicago. LIEUTENANTS. Julian L. Douglas, Lincoln, Ill. Frederic P. Kirschner, Chicago. SERGEANTS. Fred Speck, Rockford, Ill. Frank Walkey, Aurora, Ill. Malcolm B. Kipp, Chicago. Toffi Novakowski, Pullman, Ill. Julius Simon, Chicago. CORPORALS. Chester Buckwalter, Gardner, Ill. Leon Rozadowski, Chicago. Herbert J. Welshoff, Peoria, Ia. George King, Onarga, Ill. Peter O. Kvaal, Northwood, Iowa. Peter M. Garry, Chicago. Otis L. Dickey, Redfield, Iowa. Raymond Garmos, Salem, Iowa. Oscar E. Johnson, Joliet, Ill. John Russell, Council Bluffs, Ia. Henry Shumrick, Iosadale, Ill. Albert C. Volkroek, Chicago. PRIVATES. Glenn W. Howard, Tazewell, Ia. Frank E. Wilson, Des Moines, Ia. Bert W. Bivens, Albia, Iowa. Bert Harvey, Woodlawn, Ill. Oliver T. House, Jerseyville, Ill. Clarence A. Ryker, Manchester, Iowa. Glenn J. Woodward, Rockford, Ill.

Frosmann G. Bryant, Elizabeth, Ill. Lloyd Bundy, Bluffton, Ill. John George Hargrave, Chicago. George A. Bausching, Springfield, Iowa. Joe Clements, Chicago. Brown L. Crook, Chicago. Robert E. Doyle, Chicago. Harvey E. Hufstatter, Dalgren, Ill. Charles C. Lazenby, Central City, Iowa.

Missing in Action. SERGEANTS. Paul Hoback, Chicago. PRIVATES. Henry E. Buntent, Ancker, Ill. Adam Mattonowski, Chicago. Charles W. Zirkel, Orlawa, Ill. Chris N. Johnson, Moorhead, Ia. Elmer E. Miller, Storm Lake, Ia.

LEADS U. S. ARMY IN HISTORIC FEAT

The Third army, the American army of occupation, now occupies a strip of Germany running along a square miles, according to a recent report. It is directing the administration of hundreds of miles of railroad. This army of 250,000 men marched between two hundred and three hundred miles within a month after the armistice was signed. They started the march on Oct. 11, without precedent in history. Major General Joseph T. Dickman is leader of the Third army.

The Third army, the American army of occupation, now occupies a strip of Germany running along a square miles, according to a recent report. It is directing the administration of hundreds of miles of railroad. This army of 250,000 men marched between two hundred and three hundred miles within a month after the armistice was signed. They started the march on Oct. 11, without precedent in history. Major General Joseph T. Dickman is leader of the Third army.

The Third army, the American army of occupation, now occupies a strip of Germany running along a square miles, according to a recent report. It is directing the administration of hundreds of miles of railroad. This army of 250,000 men marched between two hundred and three hundred miles within a month after the armistice was signed. They started the march on Oct. 11, without precedent in history. Major General Joseph T. Dickman is leader of the Third army.

The Third army, the American army of occupation, now occupies a strip of Germany running along a square miles, according to a recent report. It is directing the administration of hundreds of miles of railroad. This army of 250,000 men marched between two hundred and three hundred miles within a month after the armistice was signed. They started the march on Oct. 11, without precedent in history. Major General Joseph T. Dickman is leader of the Third army.

The Third army, the American army of occupation, now occupies a strip of Germany running along a square miles, according to a recent report. It is directing the administration of hundreds of miles of railroad. This army of 250,000 men marched between two hundred and three hundred miles within a month after the armistice was signed. They started the march on Oct. 11, without precedent in history. Major General Joseph T. Dickman is leader of the Third army.

The Third army, the American army of occupation, now occupies a strip of Germany running along a square miles, according to a recent report. It is directing the administration of hundreds of miles of railroad. This army of 250,000 men marched between two hundred and three hundred miles within a month after the armistice was signed. They started the march on Oct. 11, without precedent in history. Major General Joseph T. Dickman is leader of the Third army.